

TWENTY-FIFTH YEAR

EARLINGTON, HOPKINS COUNTY, KY., FRIDAY NOVEMBER 13, 1914

No. 98

EARLINGTON TO HAVE "MOONLIGHT SCHOOL"

Sessions Begin Monday Night at the Graded School Building

**PROF. DUDLEY
AND FACULTY
WILL GIVE FREE
INSTRUCTION**

For Adults Who Cannot Read
or Write

Earlington is to have night classes for adults illiterates, in line with the well advertised "moonlight school" movement in Kentucky, the purpose of which is to reduce as far as possible the number of adults in the State who cannot read and write. The moon will not govern the sessions in Earlington. In fact the lunar influence is expected to be eliminated in this sane and earnest movement, meant for the good of Earlington folks. Superintendent C. E. Dudley, assisted by the faculty of the Earlington Graded and High School, will instruct all who will come, in the rudiments of education, and the first session will be held at the school house Monday night next. The instruction is free, of course, and all adults who will take instruction are cordially and urgently invited to attend. The members of the School Board, the ministers of the city and friends of education generally, who are advised of the movement, are giving it the benefit of their counsel and backing.

Earlington has a most enviable record as to the pupil children of this district, not one of whom out of a total of 650 was found to be illiterate at the last taking of the census. It is to be hoped that the parent, of these children, who may be illiterates, will all be moved by an ambition to learn at least to read and write. Men and women all over Kentucky, in country and in city, are by the thousands, taking advantage of these night schools and so are not only improving themselves and increasing their usefulness and capacity for enjoyment, but are helping in the best way the great movement for overcoming illiteracy in Kentucky and improving the state's standing in educational affairs.

One is not educated when he learns to write his name and to read a few sentences, but this is something and will lead to material improvement when the mind and the will are aroused. Pass the word around and let all encourage the movement and endeavor to build up the class to such proportions that substantial good may be done.

TEN CENT "CASCARETS" IS YOUR LAXATIVE

For sick headache, sour stomach, sluggish liver and bowels

Get a 10 cent box. Put aside—just once—the Salts, Pills, Castor oil or Purgative waters which merely force a passageway through the bowels, but do not thoroughly cleanse, freshen and purify these drainage organs, and have no effect whatever upon the liver and stomach.

Keep your "insides" pure and fresh with Cascarets, which thoroughly cleanse the stomach, remove the undigested, sour food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret tonight will make you feel great by morning. They work while you sleep—never gripe, sicken, and cost only 10 cents a box from your druggist. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never have Headache, Biliousness, Severe colds, Indigestion, Sour Stomach or Constipated Bowels. Cascarets belong to every household. Children just love to take them.

"NIGHT RIDER" PROBE

Judge Moss May Call Special Term to Check Disorder

Bowling Green, Ky., Nov. 9.—Actions of the alleged night riders, who have been operating in Butler county, were reported today to Judge Moss and a lengthy conference was held to see if some means could not be found to check the marauders. Judge Moss is considering the calling of a special term of court. It is said, in order that a grand jury probe of the entire matter may be undertaken.

THE AUCTION WHIST CLUB

The ladies of the card club were entertained by Mrs. Delia Southworth on last Friday afternoon. Mrs. Kline's score was the highest. At the conclusion of the game a delicious lunch was served by the hostess. The following are the names of those who lead in the total score: Mesdames Kline, McKinnon, Daves and Rule.

A Texas Wonder

The Texas Wonder cures kidney and bladder troubles, dissolves gravel, cures diabetes, weak and lame backs, rheumatism and all irregularities of bladder troubles, removing gravel, the kidneys and bladder in both men and women. Regulates bladder troubles in children. If not sold by your druggists will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1.00. One small bottle is two months treatment and seldom fails to perfect a cure. Send for testimonials from Kentucky and other States. Dr. E. W. Hall, 2225 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo. Sold by Druggists.

NOTICE! TAXES DUE!!

Notice is hereby given that the Penalty will be added to all unpaid City Taxes

**For 1914 on and
After Dec. 1st.**

Please call at my office and settle, or notify me by Telephone before that date, and save the penalty.

**JNO. HAMBY
City Tax Collector**

Kentucky People Urged To Remember Blessings

Frankfort, Ky., Nov. 6.—Gov. McCreary issued a Thanksgiving proclamation today as follows:

"To the people of Kentucky; It is proper that we should turn at a stated time in each year in praise and thanksgiving to Almighty God for his many blessings to the people of Kentucky.

"The year now drawing to a close has been conspicuous for manifestations of His kind and beneficent dispensations.

"While war has desolated and devastated many nations, we have enjoyed peace and prosperity and the divine declaration, 'On earth peace, good will toward men,' has encouraged and made our people happy.

"Our State has had prosperity, abundant harvests, productive industries, law and order, and the glorious heritage of self-government has been maintained and strengthened, and the year has brought a greater desire for achievement and more abundant cause for praise and gratitude to God.

"Wherefore, I, Jas. B. McCreary, Governor of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, designate Thursday, the twenty-sixth day of November, nineteen hundred and fourteen, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, and invite all the people of Kentucky to cease their accustomed occupations on that day and give thanks and praise to God for the blessings conferred upon us and to humbly beseech a continuance of His mercies."

ONE DOSE RELIEVES A COLD—NO QUININE

"Pape's Cold Compound" ends bad colds or grippe in a few hours

Relief comes instantly. A dose taken every two hours until three doses are taken will end grippe misery and break up a severe cold either in the head, chest, body or limbs.

It promptly opens clogged-up nostrils and air passages in the head, stops nasty discharge or nose running, relieves sick headache, dullness, feverishness, sore throat, sneezing, soreness and stiffness.

Don't stay stuffed up! Quit blowing and snuffling! Ease your throbbing head! Nothing else in the world gives such prompt relief as "Pape's Cold Compound," which costs only 25 cents at any drug store. It acts without assistance, tastes nice, causes no inconvenience. Be sure you get the genuine.

Best Cough Remedy for Children

Three years ago when I was living in Pittsburgh one of my children had a hard cold and coughed dreadfully. Upon the advice of a druggist I purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and it benefited him at once. I find it the best cough medicine for children because it is pleasant to take. They do not object to taking it," writes Mrs. Lafayette Pack, Homer, Ohio, Pa. This remedy contains no opium or other narcotic, and may be given to a child as confidently as to an adult. Sold by All Dealers.

White Plains Notes

Mrs. Ethel Emery and children, of Caneyville, was the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Ray last week.

Mrs. W. C. Durham who has been on the sick list the past week is improving nicely.

Dr. and Mrs. W. N. Bailey were in Madisonville shopping Saturday.

Miss Jessie Miller, of Cleaton, was the guest of friends here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Dillingham and daughter Miss Jessie spent Saturday night and Sunday with Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Bailey.

Miss Sallie Grider, of Hopkinsville, is the guest of Miss Bessie Bailey at this writing.

Howard Overton, the small son of Mrs. Elsie Dillingham, is very ill with typhoid fever.

Mrs. Claude Bass spent a few days last week with relatives in Christian county.

Mr. and Mrs. Finis Williams, of near Madisonville, were in town Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Carty and children are the guest of her mother in Madisonville at this writing.

"Buck" Edwards, of Depoy, was guest of his sister Mrs. L. E. Bailey Sunday.

Misses Maybelle and Grace Owens spent Saturday night and Sunday in the country the guest of their brother Geo. Owens and family.

Chas. Trathen, Cliff and Carl Hamby, of Nortonville, motored over here Saturday.

Miss Alice Clark spent Saturday night and Sunday in the country, the guest of Mrs. Conn Slaton.

Mrs. Ethel Bailey and little daughter Orine, had a short visit to relatives in Depoy last week.

Despondency Due to Indigestion

It is not at all surprising that persons who have indigestion become discouraged and despondent. Here are a few words of hope and cheer for them by Mrs. Blanche Bowers, Indiana, Pa. "For years my digestion was so poor that I could only eat the lightest foods. I tried everything that I heard of to get relief, but not until about a month ago when I saw Chamberlain's Tablets advertised and got a bottle of them, did I find the right treatment. I soon began to improve, and since taking a few bottles of them my digestion is fine. For sale by All Dealers.

GREATLY EXAGGERATED

Quinn Moore, who's death was so graphically depicted in Thursday's issue of the Evansville Courier was seen here yesterday by a representative of The Bee. Mr. Moore states that the report of his death at the hands of "Possum Hunters" was exaggerated.

PROSPERITY SMILES ON HICKMAN AGAIN

Hickman, Ky., Nov. 11.—All the manufacturing plants in Hickman are now running to their full capacity, the Mengel Box Co's. large plants here having resumed full time again. Their running time was cut to 80 percent in August on account of the general business depression, and remained so until this week.

The cotton gins are running day and night in order to take care of the large amount of cotton coming in, and the Hickman Wagon Co. is running full time, the latter not having decreased its time any.

Corn is coming in; a big pecan crop is being harvested, and if cotton could just resume its normal stage again business would be at the top notch in Hickman, as good as ever before.

FALLING HAIR MEANS DANDRUFF IS ACTIVE

Save your hair! Get a 25 cent bottle of Danderine right now

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff—that awful scurf.

There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die—then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine to-night—now—any time—will surely save your hair.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter, and after the first application your hair will take on that life, lustre and luxuriance which is so beautiful. It will become wavy and fluffy and have the appearance of abundance; an incomparable gloss and softness, but what will please you most will be after just a few weeks' use, when you will actually see a lot of fine, downy hair—new hair—growing all over the scalp.

It Really Does Relieve Rheumatism. Everybody who is afflicted with Rheumatism in any form should by all means keep a bottle of Sloan's Liniment on hand. The minute you feel soreness in a joint or muscle, bath it with Sloan's Liniment. Do not rub it. Sloan's penetrates almost immediately right to the seat of pain, relieving the hot, tender, swollen feeling and making the part easy and comfortable. Get a bottle of Sloan's Liniment for 25 cents of any druggist and have it in the house—against colds, sore and swollen joints, rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica and like ailments. Your money back if not satisfied, but it does give almost instant relief.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH

The Sunday School meets at the usual hour, 9:30 a. m. Meetings are still being held at the Temple Theatre, and a splendid average is being maintained. No school in the state of Kentucky has a finer record in the attendance of its officers and teachers than this one.

Lord's supper and morning sermon 10:30 a. m. Subject of sermon "The Supreme Ambition of The Christian."

The third sermon in the series on "Religion and Life Problems" will be preached at 7:30 p. m. Large audiences are hearing these sermons and the many commendations of them are inspiring the speaker to make them practical to the needs of the hearers. All who attend will always find a cordial welcome.

Remarkable Cure for Croup

"Last winter when my little boy had croup I got him a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I honestly believe it saved his life," writes Mrs. J. B. Cook, Indiana, Pa. "It cut the phlegm and relieved his coughing spells. I am most grateful for what this remedy has done for him." For sale by All Dealers.

Geo. Robinson was in Madisonville Thursday night.

Rufus Whittinghill, of Madisonville, was in town Friday.

FOUR MEN KILLED BY GAS IN SILO

As silos are likely to become more common in use in Hopkins, we call attention to a danger that has recently developed. Other deaths have been reported, but heretofore they have been attributed to apoplexy or heart failure. At the State Hospital at Athens, Ohio, on Sept. 19th, four men entered a silo that was partially filled, and all were overcome by the gas rising from the cut corn. The following is as related: "A squad of six men ascended the ladder on the outside of the silo to an open door about 12 feet from the top and four jumped in, one after another, on the silage, the level of which was about six feet below the doorway. Within five minutes the next two men who descended shouted, as they came out, that the four men looked as if they were dead. The door was thrown open and a force of men hurried in and the unconscious forms were removed. In spite of all the efforts of the doctors, all four of the men died."

All the men were "trusties" in the institution and had been helping to fill silos for two or three years. When the green corn is put into the silos and the doors closed, a deadly gas is generated known as "carbon dioxide" which is intensely poisonous. The point to guard is to always open the doors before entering a silo and permit the gas to escape.

The gas can be tested in the old way of letting a lighted candle down as used to be done in the case of neglected wells. The candle will go out in the presence of gas. In the case referred to above the doctor let a dog, a rabbit and other animals down into the gas, and in every instance death was produced in a few minutes.

Try This for Your Cough

Thousands of people keep coughing because unable to get the right remedy. Coughs are caused by inflammation of Throat and Bronchial tubes. What you need is to soothe this inflammation. Take Dr. King's New Discovery, it penetrates the delicate mucous lining, raises the phlegm and quickly relieves the congested membranes. Get a 50c bottle from your druggist. "Dr. King's New Discovery quickly and completely stopped my cough," writes J. B. Watts, Floydale, Texas. Money back if not satisfied, but it nearly always helps.

Is he responsible?

THAT question is asked in Earlington a thousand times a day.

How would they answer it if it were asked about you?

One good test of responsibility is whether you have saved anything, and the best proof of that is a savings account.

Its more than money, more than independence—it is the evidence that you have the right idea.

It shows that you are responsible.

This Bank is willing to help responsible young men; and it does.

Peoples Bank of Earlington

J. T. Alexander, Pres.
F. B. Arnold, Cashier.

Do You Trust your Watch

You've seen people look at their watch and then ask some one else the time of day.

He can't trust his watch.

If yours is that kind, you'd better throw it away.

If you're going to buy a new watch, be sure that you get a trustworthy watch, one that can swear by; one that you can catch the train by, or keep an engagement by.

We sell trustworthy watches and guarantee them.

L. C. WILEY



My Great First Annual THANKSGIVING Stock Reducing Sale Is Now On



7 Spools O. N. T. Cotton for 25 cents
Best Calico Per Yard 4 Cents



Boys Suits and Overcoats

Greatly Reduced. Brand New Fall 1914 Styles, in all the Wanted Colors

\$2.50 Boys Suits for.....	\$2.00	20 Per Cent Discount on Boys
\$3.00 " " " " " " " "	\$2.40	Odd Pants.
\$3.50 " " " " " " " "	\$2.80	20 Per Cent Discount on Mens'
\$4.00 " " " " " " " "	\$3.20	Odd Pants.
\$5.00 " " " " " " " "	\$4.00	10 Per Cent Discount on Overalls
\$6.00 " " " " " " " "	\$4.70	and Jackets.

Shoes For The Entire Family

Can be found here during the next two weeks at a Big Reduction. Every pair are brand new and up-to-date. I have them in all the new toes in Gun Metal, Vici Kid, Dull Kid and Patent Leather in Women's, Misses', Children's, Men's and Boys'. I have too many shoes. If it is a work shoe, street shoe or dress shoe you need, I can save you money by making your purchase here during this sale.



\$6 Mens' Shoes. Edwin Clapp make, for...	\$4.98	\$4 Ladies Shoes. Walkover make, for....	\$3.60
\$5 " " " " " " " " " "	\$3.98	\$3.50 " " " " " " " " " "	\$3.15
10 per cent discount on all other shoes in stock	\$3	Standard Quality " " " " " "	\$2.70

Big Reduction in Comforts, Blankets, Counterpanes, Sheets and Pillows Cases

H. D. COWAND

The Bee
PAUL M. MOORE,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
J. E. FAUCETT
ASSOCIATE EDITOR AND BUSINESS MANAGER
Member of
Kentucky Press Association
and
Second District Publishers League
Branch Office in Madisonville, Kentucky, Miss Lucy Faucett, Manager,
Phone No. 71-2 Rings
Telephone 47
Friday, November 13, 1914

Advertising Rates

Display Advertisements:
Single issue 15c per inch
Locals and Inside Pages,
Readers 10c per line
Resolutions and Cards of
Thanks 5c per line
Obituary Poetry 5c per line
Slight reductions on time
contract display advertise-
ments. Also locals that run
several months without charge

Entered at the Earlington
Post Office as Second Class
Matter.

Only a Leaf

When we see a leaf fall from a tree, do we wonder how that leaf can be converted into money?

Hardly! 'Tis only a leaf. Yet at this season of the year, there are countless billions of leaves falling from trees, and every single leaf is of value if the human brain cares to utilize it.

These leaves can be swept into a pile in the back yard, or elsewhere, and converted into a compost heap for use on the garden next summer. There is no better fertilizer.

They will make the radishes, the string beans, tomatoes and other garden truck spring into life as if touched by a magic wand. They will be a constant reminder that even the dropping of a leaf is not without a significance, its commercial value.

Convert your leaves into wealth. 'Tis an easy thing to do.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE,
Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

COLORED COLUMN

REV. J. B. EVANS, EDITOR

CARD OF THANKS

We the members of the family desire to thank the kind friends for their assistance during the sickness and death of our mother Mrs. America Shelton.

Also those who contributed such beautiful floral designs, and Mrs. Melving Reeves who nursed her for six weeks with untiring patience. May God's blessing rest upon you.

T. W. Shelton and wife.

Respectfully yours,

George Shelton,
Gus Shelton.

ANNOUNCEMENTS COURT OF APPEALS

We are authorized to announce J. F. GORDON as a candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals, for the First Appellate District, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

CIRCUIT JUDGE

We are authorized to announce J. W. Blue, Jr., as a candidate for Circuit Judge of the districts composed of Hopkins, Caldwell, Crittenden and Livingston counties, subject to the action of the Democratic party in the Primary August 1915.

We are authorized to announce W. J. Cox as a candidate for Circuit Judge of this judicial district, composed of the counties of Hopkins, Caldwell, Crittenden and Livingston subject to the action of the democratic party in the August primary 1915.

We are authorized to announce Lee Gibson as a candidate for Circuit Judge of this judicial district composed of the counties of Hopkins, Caldwell, Crittenden and Livingston; subject to the action of the democratic party in the August primary 1915.

COMMONWEALTH'S ATTORNEY

We are authorized to announce Ruby Laffoon as a candidate for Commonwealth's Attorney for the fourth judicial district composed of the counties of Hopkins, Caldwell, Crittenden and Livingston, subject

to the action of the Democratic primary August 1915.

Circuit Court Clerk

We are authorized to announce John Reading for the office of Circuit Court Clerk of Hopkins county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

Extra Crew Law Waste

Philadelphia—President Rea, of the Pennsylvania Railroad is making an extensive personal poster appeal to the people of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York, for the repeal of the Extra Crew law in their Legislatures. President Rea maintains it costs the Pennsylvania \$1,100,000 annually in the three states and that the money might be expended more efficiently in securing maximum safety by removing grade crossings and buying steel cars.

Don't Delay Treating Your Cough

A slight cough often becomes serious. Lungs get congested, Bronchial Tubes filled with mucus. Your vitality is reduced. You need Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey. It soothes your irritated air passages, loosens mucus and makes your system resist Colds. Give the Baby and Children Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey. It's guaranteed to help them. Only 25c. at your Druggist.

Extra Special Suit SELLING

IN order to make room for Holiday goods and heavy Cloaks and Furs for the winter selling, we have concluded to offer

Every Ladies Suit in the House

Of this season's purchase, consisting of both the short style coat and the popular Redingote coat of which we have a grand selection to choose from of all the popular shades and various new cloths.

Following Prices in effect until all are Sold

25 per cent discount on	\$30.00 Suit	\$22.50
New Selling Price		
25 per cent discount on	27.50 Suit	20.65
New Selling Price		
25 per cent discount on	25.00 Suit	18.76
New Selling Price		
25 per cent discount on	22.50 Suit	16.88
New Selling Price		
25 per cent discount on	20.00 Suit	15.00
New Selling Price		
25 per cent discount on	18.00 Suit	13.50
New Selling Price		
25 per cent discount on	15.00 Suit	11.25
New Selling Price		
25 per cent discount on	12.50 Suit	9.38
New Selling Price		

The above new prices go into effect today and will remain so until every garment sold, if at all interested, this is the best chance ever offered any one at this season of the year to get a cheap garment.

Above new prices are quoted for cash only. Any garment put on the books to a regular charge account will not get the benefit of this great reduction of prices.

GRAND LEADER

Morris Kohlman, Prop.

Madisonville, Ky.



ESTABLISHED 1868

ESTABLISHED 1858

THE MOST FAMOUS BOY'S CLOTHES SHOP IN INDIANA.

It is famous for style, famous for quality, for completeness of its displays and its very modest prices.

OF COURSE WE FEATURE THE "SAM-PECK" line of boys' suits and overcoats. The test for years has not produced their equal and parents who want the best have learned to look for the "Sampeck" label.

AND "SAMPECK" CLOTHES COST NO more than the ordinary kind. Suits and overcoats from \$5 to \$15. Found only in our boy's shop.

WE ALSO FEATURE THE "HIGH ART JR." suits with 2 pair of full lined knickers at \$5. Other suits from \$2.50 up.

BOYS' SHOES. BOYS' HATS. BOYS' FURNISHINGS.

RAIL ROAD FARES REFUNDED ACCORDING TO MERCHANTS REBATE PLAN

MAIL AND TELEPHONE ORDERS SENT PROMPTLY BY PARCEL POST AT OUR EXPENSE

STROUSE & BROS

EVANSVILLE, INDIANA.

The man who whispers down a well
About the things he has to sell
Will never reap a crop of dollars
Like he who climbs a tree and
"hollers."

News of the Town

Terry Gardner, of Butler county, is in the city this week visiting relatives.

L. O. Hamby, had the misfortune to have a jump of coal fall off 51 engine tank mashing his head slightly, nothing serious.

Mrs. W. P. Ross, is visiting friends in Evansville this week.

Chas. Lindsay, of Madisonville, was in the city Thursday.

Roy Wilson, of Madisonville, was in the city on business Thursday.

Ike Hart, of Hopkinsville, was in town on business Thursday.

Miss Ronnie Hanna, was in Madisonville Thursday morning.

THE GAME FISH COMMISSION is sending a special Warden into this county with instructions to enforce the game laws. The Commission hopes this Warden will not have to make arrests, but he and his local deputies will actively cover the county from this date till the end of the season, and violators will be punished.

Neal Spillman, of Guthrie, was in the city Thursday.

Tom Ryan, who has been visiting relatives in Russellville, for several days has returned home.



A Postal Brings This Book

It is free—it tells how you can have local and long distance telephone service in your home at very small cost.

Send for it today. Write nearest Bell Telephone Manager, or

FARMERS' LINE DEPARTMENT

Cumberland Telephone and Telegraph Company

INCORPORATED.

MADISONVILLE, KY.

Ruby Miles, of Evansville, was in the city Thursday.

Mrs. Dixie Ashby, was in Madisonville Thursday shopping.

Miss Flora Pierce and mother, of Madisonville, were in the city Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Minnie Cain, of Madisonville spent Thursday afternoon in Mortons Gap.

Miss Helen Jagoe, of Madisonville was in Mortons Gap Thursday afternoon.

Brent Hart was in Madisonville on business Thursday.

FOR SALE—4 room, house on Catholic hill for \$500 cash, cost \$1,000. E. A. COENEN, 718 S. Hill St. Montgomery, Ala.

Park Adams was in Madisonville Thursday afternoon.

Meedames E. L. Wise, W. W. Wright and Alfred Morehead, were in Madisonville Thursday afternoon.

Miss Amanda Wilson, of Madisonville, was in the city Thursday afternoon.

Ed Southerd, of Madisonville, was in the city Thursday.

Good morning! Have you seen The Courier?
Evansville's best paper.

Jimmie Dupin, of Madisonville, was in town Thursday afternoon.

William Ross, went to Madisonville Thursday afternoon.

Walter Wright, of Carbondale, was in town on business Thursday.

Ned Barnes was in Madisonville, Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Lee Withers, was in Madisonville Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Chas. Trahern, was in Madisonville Thursday.

Mrs. Gilbert King, went to Madisonville Thursday afternoon.

Fred Hipple, of Chicago, was in the city a few days this week visiting friends.

J. K. Hooser, of Hoptown, was in town Friday on business.

Roy Davis and Raymond Lynn were in Madisonville Thursday.

Mrs. Robert Astor and children, of Bowling Green, will visit Mrs. L. V. Renfro next week.

Mrs. Ida M. Turner, of Bowling Green, will be the guest of Mrs. L. V. Renfro next week.

Chas. Darrah, of Evansville, was in town on business Thursday.

HOW TO CURE A CHRONIC COUGH

Told in the Following Letter by a Jackson Man Who Knows from Experience. His Word Is Good.

Jackson, Miss.—"I am a carpenter, and the gripe left me not only with a chronic cough, but I was run-down, worn out and weak. I took all kinds of cough syrups but they did me no good. I finally got so weak I was not able to do a day's work, and coughed so much I was alarmed about my condition. One evening I read about Vinol and decided to try it. Before I had taken a quarter of a bottle I felt better, and after taking two bottles my cough is entirely cured, all the bad symptoms have disappeared and I have gained new vim and energy."

—JOHN L. DENNIS, 711 Lynch Street, Jackson, Miss.

The reason Vinol is so successful in such cases is because the active medicinal principles of cod liver oil contained in Vinol rebuilds wasting tissues and supplies strength and vigor to the nerves and muscles while the tonic iron and wine assist the red corpuscles of the blood to absorb oxygen and distribute it through the system, thus restoring health and strength to the weakened, diseased organs of the body.

If Vinol fails to help you, we return your money.

St. Bernard Mining Co., Incorporated
Drug Department.

RAILROAD EMPLOYEES CONTRIBUTE TO BRITISH WAR FUNDS

The idea of "one days pay for the country's help" originated by Sir Thomas Shaghnessy, president of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, has resulted in the contribution of \$141,738.64 to the Canadian Patriotic Fund by the employees of the Canadian Pacific, not including the large individual contributions of the higher officials and directors of the road to the fund. This amount does not include the railroads own contribution of \$100,000 to the fund nor money collected at its stations during the canvassing week in Montreal, when over \$10,000 was collected at the Windsor street station alone.

Sir Thomas' idea of "one days pay" is being widely copied throughout Canada by a large number of big concerns as the most practical method of enabling everyone to contribute to the patriotic fund according to his or her means. The contributions are purely voluntary, but in the case of the Canadian Pacific the response of the employees was almost unanimous. This money raised for the Canadian Patriotic Fund is to be used in the caring for families and dependents of soldiers who have gone to the front—Chicago Evening Post.

Suffered Twenty-One years Finally Found Relief

Having suffered for twenty-one years with a pain in my side, I finally have found relief in Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root. Injections of morphine were my only relief for short periods of time. I became so sick that I had to undergo a surgical operation in New Orleans, which benefited me for two years. When the same pain came back one day I was so sick that I gave up hopes of living. A friend advised me to try your Swamp-Root and I at once commenced using it. The first bottle did me so much good that I purchased two more bottles. I am now on my second bottle and am feeling like a new woman. I passed a gravel stone as large as a big red bean and several small ones. I have not had the least feeling of pain since taking your Swamp-Root and I feel it my duty to recommend this great medicine to all suffering humanity.

Gratefully yours,
MRS. JOSEPH CONSTANCE, Rapides Par, La.
Personally appeared before me, this 15th day of July, 1911, Mrs. Joseph Constance, who subscribed the above statement and made oath that the same is true in substance and in fact.

WM. MORROW, Notary Public.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample size bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing be sure and mention the Earlington Semi-Weekly Bee. Regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles for sale at all drug stores.

Extra 12 Specials

As a Grand Wind-up of Our
Big Fall
OPENING SALE
We are commencing Saturday and continuing through all next week

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thurs., Fri., and Sat., Offering 12 Big Extra Specials

Each and every item is of NEW UP-TO-DATE Seasonable Merchandise and every item sold must give satisfaction. On account of the big reduction made on each item, we are compelled to limit them. Only one special to a customer.

Special No. 1	500 Ladies high class Skirts, all styles.....	\$1.69
Special No. 2	Mens' Heavy and Fine Shoes, Button or Lace.....	\$1.69
Special No. 3	One Lot of Ladies' Shoes, Gun Metal or Lace.....	\$1.69
Special No. 4	Mens' Heavy Fleeced Lined Underwear, regular 50 goods.....	32c
Special No. 5	A Big Lot of Dress Gingham, all new fall values, a good 100 value for.....	7½c
Special No. 6	Mens \$1.00 Overalls, heavy grade.....	69c
Special No. 7	One lot of Mens Fine Suits, all colors.....	\$3.98
Special No. 8	Boy's Suits, \$4.00 values, sizes 6 to 16.....	\$1.98
Special No. 9	Mens \$10.00 Overcoats.....	\$4.98
Special No. 10	\$15.00, \$20.00 and \$22.50, Mens' Fine Tailored Suits.....	\$9.98
Special No. 11	Ladies' and Misses' Coats, all styles at.....	\$3.98
Special No. 12	Mens' \$3 Pants.....	\$1.48

10 Sales Ladies Wanted for this week. 2 Clothing men Wanted for this week.

The New Famous Store

Hipple's Old Stand Next to Dunkerson's Grocery

Madisonville, Kentucky.

The Trey O' Hearts

A Novelized Version of the Motion Picture Drama of the Same Name
Produced by the Universal Film Co.

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

Author of "The Fortune Hunter," "The Brass Boat," "The Black Dog," etc.

Illustrated with Photographs from the Picture Production

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CHAPTER IX.

Forewarned.

The thing was managed with an ingenuity that Alan termed devilish—it was indisputably Machiavellian.

The lovers had come down from the North in hot haste and the shadow of death. Two days of steady traveling by canoe, by woods trail, by lake steamer—forty-eight hours of fatigue and strain eased by not one instant's relaxation from the high tension of vigilance upon which their very lives depended—wore to a culmination through this tedious afternoon on the train from Moosehead—a trap of physical torment only made possible by Alan's luck in securing, through sheer accident, two parlor-car reservations turned back at the last moment before leaving Kineo station.

No matter—the longest afternoon must have its evening; the pokiest of trains comes the more surely to its destination; in another hour or two they would be in Portland—free at last to draw breath of ease in a land of law, order and sane living.

As if in answer to this thought, the train slowed down with whistling brakes to the last hill-station, and as the trucks groaned and moved anew, a lot of a boy came galloping down the aisle, brandishing two yellow envelopes and blating like a stray calf: "Mista Law! Mista Law! Tel-grams for Mista Law!"

Alan had been expecting at every station a prepaid reply to his wire for reservations on the night express from Portland to New York.

But why two envelopes superscribed "Mr. A. Law, Kineo train southbound, Oakland Sta.?"

He tore one open, unfolded the inclosure, and grunted disgust with its curt advice, opened the other and caught his breath sharply as he withdrew—part way only—a playing card, a trey of hearts.

Thrusting it back quickly, he clapped both envelopes together, tore them into a hundred fragments, and scattered them from the window. But the fiendish wind whisked one small scrap back—and only one!—into the lap of the woman he loved.

Vainly he prayed that she might be asleep. The silken lashes trembled on her cheeks and lifted slightly, disclosing the dark glimmer of questioning eyes. And as she clipped the scrap of cardboard between thumb and forefinger he bent forward and silently took it from her—one corner of the trey of hearts, but inevitably a corner bearing the figure "3" above a heart.

"The Pullman agent at Portland wires no reservations available on any New York train in the next thirty-six hours," he said with lowered voice.

"Couldn't we possibly catch the New York boat tonight?"

He shook a glum head. "No—I looked that up first. It leaves before we get in."

She said, "Too bad," abstractedly, reclosed her eyes, and apparently lapsed anew into semi-somnolence—but without deceiving him who could well guess what poignant anxiety gnawed at her heart.

He could have ground his teeth in exasperation—the impish insolence of that warning, timed so precisely to set their nerves on edge at the very mo-

ment when they were congratulating themselves upon the approach of a respite!

The sheer insanity of the whole damnable business!

The grim, wild absurdity of it! To think that this was America, this the twentieth century, the apex of the highest form of civilization the world had ever known—and still a man could be hunted from pillar to post, haunted with threats, harried with attempts at assassination in a hundred forms—and that by a slip of a girl with the cunning of a madwoman, the

heart of a thug, the face of a charming child—the face of the woman that sat beside him, duplicating its every perfect feature so nearly that even he who loved the one could scarcely distinguish her from the other but by instinct, intuition, blind guesswork. . . .

He nodded heavily-hearted confirmation of a surmise slowly settling into conviction in his mind, that such cunning, such purpose and pertinacity could not possibly spring from a mind well balanced, that the woman, Judith Trine, sister to the Rose he loved so well, was as mad as that monomaniac, her father, who sat helpless in his cell of silence and shadows in New York, day after day, eating his heart out with impatience for the word that his vengeance had been consummated by the daughter whom he had inspired to execute it.

An hour late, in dusk of evening, the train lumbered into Portland station; and, heart in mouth, Alan helped Rose from the steps, shouldered a way for her through the crowd, and almost lifted her into a taxicab.

"Best hotel in town," he demanded. "And be quick about it—for a double tip."

He communicated his one desperate scheme to the girl en route, receiving her indorsement of it. So, having registered for her and seen her safely to the door of the best available room in the house within ready call of the public lobby and office, he washed up, gulped a hasty meal—which Rose had declined to share, pleading fatigue—and hurried away into the night with only the negro driver of a public hack, picked up haphazard at some distance from the hotel, for his guide.

CHAPTER X.

Fortuity.

He wasted the better part of an hour in fruitless and perhaps ill-advised inquiries; then his luck, such as it was, led him on suspicion down a poorly lighted wharf, at the extreme end of which he discovered a lonely young man perched atop a pile, hands in pockets, gaze turned to a tide whereon, now black night had fallen, pallid waifs of yachts swung just visibly beneath uneasy riding-lights.

"Pardon me," Alan ventured, "but perhaps you can help me out—"

"You've come to the wrong shop, my friend," the young man interposed with morose civility; "I couldn't help anybody out of anything—the way I am now."

"I'm sorry," said Alan, "but I thought possibly you might know where I could find a seaworthy boat to charter."

The young man slipped smartly down from his perch. "If you don't look sharp," he said ominously, "you'll charter the Seaventure." He waved his hand toward a vessel moored alongside the wharf. "There she is, and a better boat you won't find anywhere—schooner-rigged, fifty feet over all, twenty-five horsepower, motor auxiliary, two staterooms—all ready for as long a coastwise cruise as you care to take. Come aboard."

He led briskly across the wharf, down a gangplank, then aft along the deck to a companionway, by which the two men gained a comfortable and roomy cabin, bright with fresh white enamel.

Here the light of the cabin lamp revealed to Alan's searching scrutiny a person of sturdy build and independent carriage, with a roughly modeled, good-humored face, reddish hair, and steady though twinkling blue eyes.

"Name, Barcus," the young man introduced himself cheerfully; "Christened Thomas. Native, American. State of life, flat broke. That's the rub," he laughed, and shrugged, shamefaced. "I found myself hard up this spring with this boat on my hands, sunk every cent I had—and then some—fitting out on an oral charter with a moneyed blighter in New York, who was to have met me here a fortnight since. He didn't—and here I am, in pawn to the ship chandler, desperate enough for anything."

"How much do you owe?"

"Upwards of a hundred."

"Say I advanced that amount—when can we sail?"

The young man reflected briefly. "There's something so engagingly idiotic about this proceeding," he observed wistfully. "I've got the strangest kind of a hunch it's going to go through. Pay my bills, and we can be off inside an hour. That is—"

He checked with an exclamation of dismay, chapfallen. "I may have some trouble scaring up a crew at short notice. I had two men engaged, but last week they got tired doing nothing for nothing and left me flat."

"Then that's settled," Alan said. "I know boats; I'll be your crew—and the better satisfied to have nobody else aboard."

The eyes of Mr. Barcus clouded. "See here, my headlong friend, what's your little game, anyway? I don't mind playing the fool on the high seas, but I'll be no party to a kidnapping or—"

"It's an elopement," Alan interrupt-

ed on inspiration. "We've simply got to get clear of Portland by midnight."

"You're on!" Barcus agreed promptly, his face clearing. "God only knows why I believe you, but I do—and here's my hand!"

CHAPTER XI.

Blue Water.

Anxiety ate like an acid at Alan's heart. If this shift to the sea might be thought a desperate venture, he was a weathered salt-water man and undismayed; nothing would have been more to his liking than a brisk coastwise cruise in an able boat—under auspices less forbidding.

But when he re-entered the hotel one surprising thing happened that gave him new heart—momentarily it seemed almost as if his luck had turned. For, as he paused by the desk of the cashier to demand his bill, the elevator gate opened and Rose came out eagerly to meet him with an eager air of hope that masked measurably the signs of fatigue.

"I worried so I couldn't rest," she told him guardedly as he drew her aside; "so I arose and got ready, and watched from the window till I saw you drive up."

He acquainted her briefly with his fortune. But she seemed unable to echo his confidence or even to overcome the heaviness of her spirits when their cab, without misadventure, set them down at the wharf.

Here, Alan had feared, was the crucial point of danger—if the influence of the trey of hearts was to bring disaster upon them it would be here, in the hush and darkness of this deserted water front. And he bore himself most warily as he helped the girl from the car and to the gangplank of



Lingered Watchfully on Deck.

the Seaventure. But nothing happened; while Mr. Barcus was as good as his word. Alan had barely set foot on deck, following the girl, when the gangplank came aboard with a clatter, and the Seaventure swung away from the wharf.

Until the distance was too great for even a flying leap Alan lingered watchfully on deck.

At length, satisfied that all was well, he returned to the cabin.

"All right," he nodded; "we're clear of that lot, apparently; nobody but the three of us aboard. Now you'd best turn in. This is evidently to be your stateroom, this one to port, and you'll have a long night's sleep to make up for what you've gone through—dearest."

He drew nearer, dropping his voice tenderly. And of a sudden, with a little low cry, the girl came into his arms and clung passionately to him.

"But you?" she murmured. "You need rest as much as I! What about you?"

"Oh, no I don't," he contended. "Besides I'll have plenty of time to rest up once we're fairly at sea. Barcus and I stand watch and watch, of course. There's nothing for you to do but be completely at your ease. But—you must let me go."

Eyes half-closed, her head thrown back, she seemed to suffer his kiss rather than to respond, then turned hastily away to her stateroom—leaving him staring with wonder at her strangeness.

By midnight the Seaventure was spinning swiftly south-southeast, close reefed to a snoring sou'west wind—the fixed white eye of Portland head light fast falling astern.

CHAPTER XII.

Down the Cape.

At four o'clock, or shortly after, Alan was awakened by boot-heels pounding imperatively overhead, and went on deck again, to stand both dog-watches—saw the sun lift up smiling over a world of tumbled blue water, crossed the wake of a Cunard liner inbound for Boston, raised and overhauled a graceful but businesslike fisherman (from Gloucester, Barcus opined when called to stand his trick at eight) and saw it a mile or two astern when—still aching with fatigue—he was free to return to his berth for another four-hour rest.

This time misguided consideration induced Barcus to let his crew sleep through the first afternoon watch. Six bells were ringing when, in drowsy apprehension that something had gone suddenly and radically wrong, Alan

He was on deck again almost before he rubbed the sleepiness from his eyes, emerging abruptly from the light of the cabin to a dangle of foot-light that filled the cup of day with rarefied gold, even as he passed from conviction of security to realization of immediate and extraordinary peril.

His first glance discovered the wheel deserted, the woman with back to him standing at the taffrail, Barcus—nowhere to be seen. The second confirmed his surmise that the Seaventure had come up into the wind, and now was yawing off wildly into the trough of a stiff, not heavy sea. A third showed him, to his amazement, the Gloucester fisherman—overhauled with such ease that morning and now, by rights, well down the northern horizon—not two miles distant, and standing squarely for the smaller vessel.

Bewildered, he darted to the girl's side, with a shout, demanding to know what was the matter. She turned to him a face he hardly recognized—but still he didn't understand. The inevitable inference seemed a thing unthinkable; his brain faltered when asked to credit it. Only when he saw her tearing frantically at the painter, striving to cast it off and with it the dory towing a hundred feet or so astern, and when another wondering glance had discovered the head and shoulders of Mr. Barcus rising over the stern of the dory as he strove to lift himself out of the water—only then did Alan begin to appreciate what had happened.

Even so, it was with the feeling that all the world and himself as well had gone stark, raving mad, that he seized the girl and, despite her struggles, tore her away from the rail before she had succeeded in unhooking the painter. "Rose!" he cried stupidly. "Rose! What's the matter with you? Don't you see what you're doing?"

Defiance inflamed her countenance and accents. "Can't you ever say anything but 'Rose! Rose! Rose!' Is there no other name that means anything to you? Can't you understand how intolerable it is to me? I love you no less than she—better than she ever dreamed of loving you—because I hate you, too! What is love that is no more than love? Can't you understand?"

"Judith!" he cried in a voice of stupefaction. "But—Good Lord!—how did you get aboard? Where's Rose?"

"Where you'll find her easily again," the woman angrily retorted. "Trust me for that!"

"What do you mean?" Illumination came in a blinding flash. "Do you mean it was you—you whom I brought aboard last night?"

"Who else?"

"You waylaid her there in the hotel, substituted yourself for her, deceived me into thinking you—"

"Of course," she said simply. "Why not? When I saw her sleeping there—the mirror of myself, completely at my mercy—what else should I think of than to take her place with the man I loved? I knew you'd never know the difference—at least I was fool enough for the moment to believe I could stand being loved by you in her name! It was only today, when I'd had time to think, that I realized how impossible that was!"

A sudden slap of the mainsail boom athwartships and a simultaneous cry from over the stern roused Alan from his consternation to fresh appreciation of the emergency. With scant consideration he hustled the woman to the companionway and below, slammed its doors and closed her in with the sliding hatch—all in a breath—then sprang to the taffrail, just in time to lend a helping hand sorely wanted by Mr. Barcus in his efforts to climb aboard, after he had pulled the dory up under the stern by its painter.

He came over the rail in a towering temper.

"I hope you'll pardon the apparent impertinence," he suggested acidly, as soon as able to articulate coherently—"but may I inquire if that bloody-minded vixen is your blushing bride-to-be?"

Alan shook a helpless head. The thing defied reasonable explanation. He made a feeble stagger at it without much satisfaction either to himself or to the outraged Barcus.

"No—it's all a damnable mistake! She's her sister—I mean, the right girl's sister—and her precise double—fooled me—not quite right in the head, I'm afraid."

"You may well be afraid, you poor flat!" Mr. Barcus snapped. "Do you know what she did? Threw me overboard! Fact! Came on deck a while ago, sweet as peaches—and all of a sudden whips out a gun as big as a cannon, points it at my head and orders me to luff into the wind. Before I could make sure I wasn't dreaming, she had fired twice—in the air—a signal to that blessed fisherman astern there—at least, they answered with two toots of a power whistle and changed course to run up to us. Look how she's gained already!"

"But how did she happen to throw you overboard?"

"Happen nothing!" Barcus snapped, getting to his feet. "She did it a purpose—few at me like a wildcat, and before I knew what was up—I was slammed backwards over the rail."

"I can't tell you how sorry I am," Alan responded gravely. "There's more to tell—but one thing to be done first."

"And that?" Mr. Barcus inquired suspiciously.

"To get rid of the lady," Alan announced firmly. "Make that fisherman a present of the woman in the case. You don't mind parting with the dory in a good cause—if I pay for

"Take it for nothing," Barcus grumbled. "Cheap at the price!"

He took Alan's place, watching him with a sardonic eye as he drew the tender in under the leeward quarter, made it fast, and reopened the companionway.

As the girl came on deck without other invitation, in a sullen rage that only heightened her wonderful loveliness, Alan noted that her first look was for him, of untempered malignity; her second, for Barcus, with a curling lip; her third, astern, with a glimmer of satisfaction as she recognized how well the fisherman had drawn up on the Seaventure.

"Friends of yours, I infer?" Alan inquired civilly.

Judith nodded. "Then it would save us some trouble—yourself included—if you'll be good enough to step into the dory without a struggle."

Without a word, Judith stepped to the rail and, as Barcus luffed, swung herself overside into the dory.

Immediately Alan cast off, and as the little boat sheered off, Barcus, with a sigh of relief, brought the Seaventure once more back upon her course.

For some few minutes there was silence between the two men, while the tender dropped swiftly astern, the woman plying a brisk pair of oars.

Then, suddenly elevating his nose, Barcus sniffed audibly. "Here," he said sharply, "relieve me for a minute, will you? I want to go forward and have a look at that motor!"

In the time that he remained invisible between decks, the fisherman luffed, picked up the dory and its occupant, and came round again in open chase of the Seaventure.

When Barcus reappeared it was with a grave face.

"The devil and the deep Sea," he observed obscurely, coming aft, "from all their works, good Lord deliver us!"

"What's the trouble now?"

"Nothing much—only your playful little friend has been up to another of her light-hearted tricks. . . . If you should happen to want a smoke or anything to eat when you go below, just find a mirror and kiss yourself good-by before striking the match. The drain-cocks of both fuel tanks have been opened, and there are upwards of a hundred and fifty gallons of highly explosive gasoline sloshing around in the bilge!"

CHAPTER XIII.

No Quarter.

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Barcus indulgently, breaking a long silence. "Very interesting. Very interesting, indeed. I've seldom listened to a more entertaining life-history, my poor young friend. But I tell you candidly, as man to man, I don't believe one word of it. It's all d—n foolishness!"

His voice took on a plaintive accent. "Particularly this!" he expostulated, and waved an indignant hand, compassing their plight.

"The rest of your adventures are reasonable enough," he said, "they won my credulity—and I'm a native of Missouri. But this last chapter is impossible. And that's flat. It couldn't happen—and has. And there, in a manner of speaking, we are!"

Against the western horizon a long, low-lying strip of sand dunes rested like a bar of purple cloud between the crimson afterglow of sunset in the sky and the ensanguined sea that mirrored it.

The wind had gone down with the sun, leaving the Seaventure becalmed—her motor long since inert for want of fuel—in shoal water a mile or so off the desolate and barren coast that Barcus, out of his abounding knowledge of those waters, named Nauset Beach.

Still another mile further off shore the so-called Gloucester fisherman rode, without motion, waters as still and glassy. Through the gloaming, with the aid of glasses, figures might be seen moving about her decks; and as it grew still more dark she lowered a small boat that theretofore had swung in davits. A little later a faint humming noise drifted across the tide.

"Power tender," the owner of the Seaventure interpreted. "Coming to call, I presume. Sociable lot. What I can't make out is why they seem to think it necessary to tow our dory back. Uneasy conscience, maybe—what?"

He lowered the binoculars and glanced inquiringly at his employer, who grunted his disgust, and said no more.

"Don't take it so hard, old top," Barcus advised with a change of note from irony to sympathy. Then he rose and dived down the companionway, presently to reappear with a megaphone and a double-barreled shotgun.

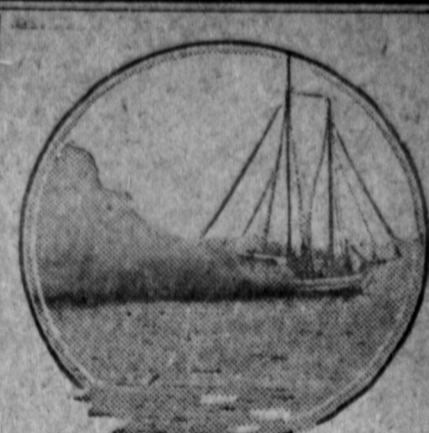
"No cutting-out parties in this outfit," he explained, grinning amiably. "None of that old stuff, revised to suit your infatuated female friend—once aboard the lugger and the man is mine!"

Stationing himself at the seaward rail, where his figure would show in sharp silhouette against the glowing sunset sky, he brandished the shotgun at arm's length above his head, and bellowed stertorously through the megaphone:

"Keep off! Keep off! This means you! Come within gunshot and I'll blow your fool heads off!"

Putting aside the megaphone, he sat down again. "Not that I'd dare fire this blunderbuss," he confided, "with this reek of gasoline; but just for moral effect. Phew! I'd give a dollar for a breath of clean air; I've inhaled so much gas in the last few hours I'm dried-cleaned down to my silly old toes!"

Gaining no response from Alan, he



Flames Licked Out All Over the Schooner.

observed critically: "Chatty little customer, your are," and resumed the binoculars.

For thirty minutes nothing happened, other than that the sound of the fisherman's launch was stilled. It rested motionless in the waters, two figures mysteriously busy in the cockpit, the Seaventure's dory trailing behind it on a long painter.

Gradually these details became blurred, and were blotted out by the closing shadows. The afterglow in the west grew cool and faint. The crimson waters darkened, to mauve, to violet, to a translucent green, to blackness. Far up the coast two white eyes, peering over the horizon, stared steadfastly through the dark. "Chatham lights," Barcus said they were.

Abruptly he dropped the glasses and jumped up. "Hear that!" he cried.

Now the humming of the motor was again audible and growing louder with every instant; and Alan, getting to his feet in turn, infected with the excitement of Barcus, could just make out at some distance a dark shadow beneath the dim, spluttering glimmer of light, that moved swiftly and steadily toward the Seaventure.

"What the devil!" he demanded, puzzled.

"You uttered a mouthful when you said 'devil'!" Barcus commented, grasping his arm and hurrying him to the landward side of the vessel. "Quick—kick off your shoes—get out for a mile-long swim! Devil's work, all right!" he panted, hastily divesting himself of shoes and outer garments. "I couldn't make out what they were up to till I saw them lash the wheel, light the fuse, start the motor, and take to the dory. They've made on grand little torpedo boat out of that tender—"

He sprang upon the rail, steadying himself with a stay. "Ready?" he asked. "Look sharp!"

By way of answer, Alan joined him; the two had dived as one, entering the water with a single splash, and coming to the surface a good ten yards from the Seaventure. For the next several seconds they were swimming frantically, and not until three hundred feet or more separated them from the schooner did either dare pause for breath or a backward glance.

Then the impact of the launch against the Seaventure's side rang out across the waters, and with a husky roar the launch blew up, spewing skywards a widespread fan of flame. Over the Seaventure, as this flamed and died, pale fire seemed to hover like a tremendous pall of phosphorescence, a weird and ghastly glare that suddenly descended to the decks. There followed a crackling noise, a sound as of the labored breathing of a giant, and bright flames, orange, crimson, violet and gold, licked out all over the schooner, from stem to stern, from deck to topmasts.

It seemed several minutes that she burned in this wise—it was probably not so long—before her decks blew up and the flames swept roaring to the sky.

By the time Alan and Barcus, swimming steadily, had gained a shoal which permitted them footing in waist-deep waters, the Seaventure had burned to the water's edge.

Continued

TELEPHONE NEWS.

There was a man from our town, and he was wonderful wise.

He jumped up to a telephone, got so mad he scratched his eyes.

Listen; what the trouble was, although you won't believe;

As the wrong number he did give, He thought the right party he should receive.

He rang and rang so very long, not one second did he his hand stay. So that central, could right that wrong;

And "number please" in her pleasant voice say.

He rang and very long he rang until he rather got the habit; Then his pretty little song he sang.

Entitled, "Central isn't worth a d—n—it."

No; we were not arranging our hair.

Not one of us wear a puff; We were only answering our subscribers with care.

Ring off, "We've said enough. The voice with the smile."

NOTICE!

The open season for hunting begins November 15th and every hunter should procure his license before going into the field.

Only One "BROMO QUININE"

To get the genuine, call for full name, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of E. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day. Stops cough and headache, and works off cold, etc.



He Could Have Ground His Teeth in Exasperation.

ment when they were congratulating themselves upon the approach of a respite!

The sheer insanity of the whole damnable business!

The grim, wild absurdity of it! To think that this was America, this the twentieth century, the apex of the highest form of civilization the world had ever known—and still a man could be hunted from pillar to post, haunted with threats, harried with attempts at assassination in a hundred forms—and that by a slip of a girl with the cunning of a madwoman, the

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